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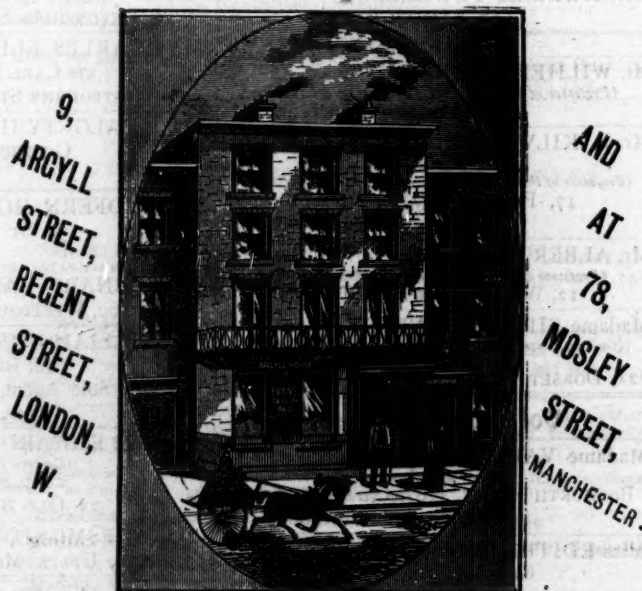
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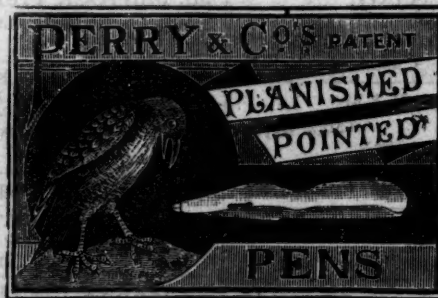
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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1887.

A FALSE PROPHET.

OLD women in Italy warn their grandchildren against the sin of too much self-confidence, by reminding them that "there is only one man who is sure that he makes no mistakes, and he is the man who walks on the tight-rope, because, for so long as he does not fall down, he is, without question, doing right." In fact very few, if any, of the learned or unlearned professions can boast of having such an indisputable piece of criticism brought upon the action of their members, as the calling of which M. Blondin is the chief living ornament. The greater the man, the higher his task, and the less certain his control of his performances. History is the supreme court to which angry M.P.'s and tottering Members of the Cabinet appeal when their contemporaries cannot be "talked over," and brought round to acquiesce in the expediency of their schemes. Posterity is desired by authors, artists, and composers to act as a judge between the works of their genius and the hissing public. But there is a profession—about which he who wishes to know its full import may consult with advantage the introductory chapters of each book of Fielding's "Tom Jones"—whose adepts are still more free from any near or distant, earthly or unearthly control; and that is the almost preternatural profession of critic. A great English thinker and writer gave a mystical, or rather a misty, hint to the critic standing between the prophet and the people—the inspired and the uninspired—and explaining to the masses the meaning of the preacher; but the great author has for once been wrong, or at least imperfect in his definition, because the real office of the critic—at least in the opinion of those who pretend to be such—places him above the people, above the prophet, to prompt from his high throne the speech to the prophet, and knock him on the head with his sceptre if he dares to alter in the least the prompted words. The critic stands above criticism from his contemporaries. History does not meddle with him, and ignores his existence. Posterity, once in a blue moon, will read, or hear, or look at one of the works upon which he

has exercised his faculties, and will care nothing for what the forefathers thought of the performance standing before them. Therefore the critic, provided he enjoys the confidence of the editor of the periodical in which he favours the readers with his sentiments, can go on writing for all his life just as much as he pleases, and to his own perfect comfort and satisfaction, without being troubled with thoughts of a day of reckoning.

Looking into a volume of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1820, chance threw under our eyes a *Revue Musicale* by a well-known musical critic, whom, as the article is unsigned, and does not add much to his glory, we shall dutifully refrain from calling by his revered name. As the criticism in question was on the occasion of the first performance of Donizetti's *La Favorita* at the Académie Royale de Musique, and as the musical criticism in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has always been considered almost as good as any decision coming from the Queen's Bench, we thought it worth while and instructive to see what a great man said, on its first appearance, of the grand work of another great man; of a work that had for nearly fifty years currency everywhere, and that, in spite of the great revolution of the music-drama, claims, even now-a-days, attention and respect from men of the most advanced opinions in music.

Our critic, in the full glory and sparkle of the French language, of which he is a master, starts off gallantly upbraiding *Monsieur* Donizetti for having written an opera for the French public with the same ease and nonchalance as if he had been composing for La Scala and La Pergola; and he reminds him that it is "universally admitted, and in many respects legitimately admitted, that Paris is the supreme arbiter of the merits of all works of art;" and that even Rossini was, so to say, brought to book, and after *Le Comte Ory* wrote *Guillaume Tell*, "that complete transformation; which was the grandest and noblest homage a great master could pay to the taste of a great nation." After having awed the *maestro* into due respect for the *grande nation*, and having anticipated the thought that Victor Hugo expressed more emphatically thirty years after, in his "Quatre-vingt-treize"—"France is the world, and Paris is all France"—our critic proceeds to "write down" the libretto, and, giving a passing kick to Romani, says that the French poet is just as bad as the Italian one; and that, by having copied some situations from *Les Huguenots* and *La Juive*, he is in a considerable part responsible for what the musician has copied. After which he begins boldly to grapple with his subject:—"La Favorita contains all the elements that from time immemorial have been necessary to make up a bad Italian opera. All the most vulgar melodies meet here as if by appointment; duets follow duets, each as much like the other as split peas; reminiscences and plagiarisms do not even take the trouble of partially disguising themselves. Taking all in all, it is only one more opera of Donizetti's, an opera which neither the author nor the public will remember in the course of a few days (une partition dont ni l'auteur ni le public ne se souviendront dans quelques jours)."

Having eased his mighty brains of this synthetic judgment, he passes to the analytic process, the result of which

is that there is nothing worth mention in the first act, nothing worth mention in the second. The trio in the third act is one of the best numbers of the score; and, though old-fashioned and utterly devoid of originality, a word may be said in favour of the *adagio* of the *finale*. As for the fourth act, it is shocking. "We must, however, grant some praise to the melody that is heard from the interior of the chapel at the moment when Fernando takes his vows. Duprez sings it with admirable pathos and grandeur. *It is the only inspiration that one meets with in this act*, in which the music does nothing more than accompany the coming in and going out of monks and pilgrims."

In the peroration the synthetic method is, of course again resorted to, and the critic winds up his remarks concerning the opera with these memorable words: "Such is this opera, one of the most hollow that Donizetti ever wrote; the weakest, beyond all manner of doubt; the most insipid that was ever heard in Paris by the same author. If we except the two fragments already mentioned, *all the merit of the score rests on its affording a fair occasion for showing off in the full power of his faculties and talents M. Baroilhet, the new barytone engaged by the Académie Royale de Musique.*" And on the merits of this M. Baroilhet M. Critic enlarges for a couple of closely-printed pages, and then retires to bed, and puts out the candle, with the consciousness of having put down a musical nuisance, having supported a great singer, and altogether having well deserved at the hands of the "*grande nation*."

Donizetti sleeps in his grave; the critic sleeps in his grave too; Baroilhet. . . . Who cares now for Baroilhet? If he is still of this world he must certainly have reached a good old age, and the best use he can make of the several copies of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* he undoubtedly bought, is to wrap his limbs in the paper, which in France is believed to be an excellent remedy against rheumatic pains; the *revues musicales* of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* are consigned to oblivion, and *Favorita*, and particularly the fourth act of *Favorita* bids fair to last as long as there is a sense of artistic truth and beauty left in human hearts and brains.

Criticism in itself is a noble art, the noblest of all perhaps, but it requires more than "a certain taste for it" and a facility in handling the pen, qualities which unhappily too often have been considered enough to constitute a "competent critic."

G. MAZZUCATO.

DA PONTE IN NEW YORK.

(Continued from page 731.)

In this "Compendium" Da Ponte hurries over the greater portion of his life-history. His departure from Venice he chronicles thus: "I was obliged to leave Venice, the place of my nativity, for having associated myself with an illustrious person whose efforts were directed to her preservation." To his London history is added the information that before he became poet to the royal theatre he spent a year "totally destitute of employment," and then went to Holland for the purpose of establishing there an Italian theatre. He was encouraged in the project and had almost succeeded "when the defeat of the English under Dunkirk changed the face of affairs." He remained in his position of theatrical poet eight years, "with much profit and not without honour," he says, and then continues: "It was snatched from me by means of some female artifices at a moment when I had the least apparent reason to apprehend such a loss." What is referred to in these words is not clear. Da Ponte had the reputation of a gallant, and even in his old age could not resist the temptation to discourse on the favour in which he had stood with the

fair sex and the fidelity with which he had lived up to every promise to love a woman made between the period when he first experienced the passion, at eighteen years, to the time of his marriage, when he was forty. Later in his pamphlet he refers to the money which his wife had earned by "her own honourable industry," and appends this foot note: "Do you understand the meaning of that word, once beautiful Rossellana of England?" That he had many enemies in the theatrical circles of London is well known, and with some he carried on a bitter personal controversy. Of this fact an amusing bit of evidence is contained in a volume of miscellaneous pamphlets in the Historical Society's Library. Among the pamphlets is an Italian one printed without date and anonymously in Lisbon. It is an indecent attack on "the celebrated Lorenzo Daponte, who, after having been Jew, Christian, priest, and poet in Italy and Germany found himself to be a layman, husband, and ass in London." In this pamphlet is a sonnet addressed to Da Ponte, in which, by a pun, his name is associated with the "Ponte Oscura," a disreputable quarter of Naples. Next to this delectable pamphlet is bound a reply, also unsigned, which bandies epithets with the alleged author of the former with a freedom and vigour which would be considered startling even by the controversialists of the Far West. This is the way in which the climax is reached: "Poeta di Priapo, di Cotitto, di Petunda, di Steruccio e di tutti le fogne, ed i Lupinari di Londra." Again, in the "Compendium," while emphasising the statement that he brought nothing with him from England to America except "some books and a box of violin strings," he adds: "Whatever may be said by the illiterate singer of Haymarket or the Dalilah of the Neapolitan Eunuch." The indignant protestation, it must be confessed, sounds a little amusing in view of the fact that a few pages later he says: "A glass of wine given with affected compassion by a needy sharper on board the fatal Nantucket vessel cost me 300 dols. more." Evidently he carried at least 300 dols. away with him when, "pursued by twelve bailiffs," he fled from London to Gravesend, and there embarked on the Nantucket vessel, which sailed for Philadelphia on March 26, 1805.

His wife, he says, had been in America on a visit to her father not a year but so long that "about the middle of February" he sent her a peremptory injunction to return. She was about to obey him when he arrived. His wife had brought over 5,000 dols. [remember Rossellana] and soon got 1,000 dols. more from her sister in London. With this money Da Ponte embarked in business. Evidently he was not cut out for a tradesman. In three months, through his "wonted lenity of temper," he had lost 300 dols.; then the fear of yellow fever drove him to Elizabethtown, N. J., where he bought a house and lot and continued his traffic in liquors, tobacco, drugs, &c. He failed, he says, because his customers didn't pay. Here is his woful complaint: "I was sometimes obliged rather than lose all to take for notes, due long before, lame horses, broken carts, disjointed chairs, old shoes, rancid butter, watery cider, rotten eggs, apples, brooms, turnips, potatoes"; and these things he had to sell at a sacrifice in order to meet the demands of "creditors without mercy." Plainly Da Ponte was not a financier. In his books those who owed him money are all unconscionable scoundrels and cheats, and those to whom he owes money are all merciless, grasping skinflints who sold him bad goods. His New Jersey venture lasted a year and then he sold out, and the sheriff, prompted by a peculiarly wicked creditor named Dunham, seized upon his household effects. He returned to New York, began to teach Italian, and entertained his first class with the sketch of his life, from which the above draughts have been made, and included a financial showing of the Jersey business. The citizens of Elizabethtown owed him about 800 dols.; he owed 400 dols. in Jersey; he had 1,600 dols. which he divided among his New York creditors, but it was "not enough to meet all demands," nor were all these demands paid after he had handed over to his creditors 3,450 dols. Da Ponte was "naïf" when it came to finances.

Da Ponte now entered on a period of successful teaching in New York. His name appears for the first time in Longworth's Directory for 1807. The period lasted till 1811, and was distinguished each year by a change of residence; among other places he lived at No. 29, Partition Street, in the Bowery, and at No. 247, Duane Street. Having amassed a fortune of 4,000 dols. he again embarked in business. This time he became a distiller in Sunbury, Penn. He stayed from June 10, 1811, till August 14, 1818, and of course was more dreadfully ruined than ever before. Again he was the only sheep in a flock of wolves. On his return he again gathered his pupils around him. He won the friendship of no less powerful an advocate than Clement Clarke Moore, whom scholars honour as the pioneer Hebrew lexicographer of the United States, and whom children love as the author of "Twas the night before Christmas." His summers he spent near noble patrons, the Livingstons, on the Hudson, his winters in town. He wrote his memoirs in three small volumes, and published them in 1823. He lectured on Italy, and even measured his pen with that of Prescott, who had ventured to criticise Italian narrative poetry in the *North American Review*. Exactly when does not appear, but it seems that he also taught "Aunt Sally," who kept a boarding-house in Broome Street, the art of Italian cookery, and cultivated in his pupils simultaneously the taste for Petrarch and macaroni. His friend Clement C. Moore was a trustee of Columbia College, and probably through his

advocacy Lorenzo Da Ponte became professor of Italian literature in Columbia College, then situated at the foot of Park Place in Columbia. The story of this professorship, through the courtesy of Register Nye, can be told in a few extracts from the minutes of the trustees of Columbia College and a postscript.

From the minutes of Columbia College:

"May 2, 1825. A letter from Mr. Da Ponte was received asking permission to instruct the alumni of the College in the Italian language and to make use of some part of the building for that purpose. The above was referred to the Standing Committee.

"June 6, 1825. (At this meeting the report of the Standing Committee was laid on the table for further consideration.)

"September 5, 1825. *Resolved*, That a Professorship of Italian Literature be established in this College, but that the professor be not considered one of the Board of the College nor subject to the provisions of the second chapter of the statutes.

"*Resolved*, That the attendance of the students upon the said professor be voluntary, and that the hours of attendance be appointed by the professor under the direction of the President.

"*Resolved*, That Signore Da Ponte be and is hereby appointed to the said professorship, and that he be allowed to receive from the students who shall attend his lectures a reasonable compensation; but that no salary be allowed him from the College.

"December 5, 1825. (Da Ponte offers to sell 263 volumes of Italian works to the College for 364 dols. 5 cents.) Referred to a committee, C. C. Moore, chairman.

"January 2, 1826. (Favourable report; the books are bought for the library.)

"January 5, 1829. Ordered that 50 dols. be paid to Signore Da Ponte in addition to what he has already been paid for making the catalogue of the College.

"November 3, 1829. (Da Ponte offers more books.)

"November 12, 1829. (Thirty-three volumes bought of Da Ponte for 140 dols.)

"November 30, 1829. A proposition was received, through the President, from Signore Da Ponte, offering to add a number of Italian books to the College Library upon condition of his having a certain number of pupils provided him to instruct in the Italian language. Whereupon—

"*Resolved*—That it is inexpedient to accept of the proposition of Signore Da Ponte."

These are the only instances in which Da Ponte's name appears in the minutes of Columbia College. From the volume added to his memoirs in 1839 the meaning of the last entry may be learned. He was a professor without pupils or salary. His proposition was to give two lessons for forty weeks to 100 students, each to pay fifteen dollars for the eighty lessons, and then to present 1000 volumes to the College.

The years from 1807 to 1811 and from 1818 to 1826 were evidently the only happy ones in Da Ponte's American life. Some of his pupils went to live with him at his summer home to continue their studies. Among them was Henry James Anderson, who became professor of mathematics and astronomy in Columbia College in 1825, and who married Da Ponte's daughter. Dr. Anderson remained professor until 1843, became a convert to Romanism, and died in 1875 at Lahore, in India, whither he had gone on a scientific commission. His wife died about 1862 or 1863, in Paris, while returning with her husband from Rome. She is buried in Père la Chaise. Dr. Anderson was but once married, and left only two children, Edward Henry and Elbert Ellery. The former died in 1879, and E. Ellery Anderson, Democratic politician, lawyer, and, by the grace of President Cleveland, Pacific Railroad Commissioner, is the only descendant of Lorenzo Da Ponte.

The last ten years of his life were both brightened and clouded by his efforts to introduce Italian opera in America. When Garcia came in November, 1825, with an Italian troupe including his daughter, afterward Malibran, Da Ponte was among his earliest visitors. The story of their meeting is a familiar one. Da Ponte introduced himself to the singer as the author of *Don Giovanni* ("my 'Don Giovanni,'" he was fond of saying), and Garcia, clasping him in his arms, danced about the room like a child, singing, "Fin ch' han dal vino." Naturally *Don Giovanni* was given in the first season, though Da Ponte and his "friends and pupils" had to pay an extra singer in order to have a "Don Ottavio." Later Da Ponte associated himself with Rivaflinoli in operatic management, and even succeeded in persuading some wealthy citizens to build an opera house at Church and Leonard Streets. The operatic ventures were disastrous. He wrote and published two pamphlets about the Montrossor season in 1832, and in 1835 appended to a complaint of his recent sufferings a letter in which he denounced Rivaflinoli, accused the public of ingratitude towards himself, and urged that the theatre be leased to one Rocco. Da Ponte went with all his troubles straight to the public through the mediation of the printing press, and it makes a somewhat diverting effect in spite of his obvious seriousness to read on one page of his pamphlet an almost hysterical prayer to the stockholders of the opera house to listen to his advice and take the word "of an old man whose lips have never uttered

an untruth," and on the next a warning to his debtors, threatening to sell their notes at public auction, and tell the "circumstances under which they were offered and received" unless they were paid before a given day. When he records his failure to change the system of instruction at Columbia he does so cheerfully enough. He tells in the last pages of his "Memorie" that he had now opened a bookstore in front of which he could see all day long the most beautiful women in the world step out of their carriages. They were bent on the purchase of candies and cakes in the adjoining shop. Then he tells us how the temptation had seized him to put up a sign in his window: "Candies and Italian cakes sold here." If by such a trick someone shall be tempted into his store, "then," he says, "will I bring forth Petrarch or some other of our poets, and I will vouch that they are the sweetest of all candies for those who have teeth to masticate them." But he did not always take so cheerful a view of life. It is plain from all his writings that he considered himself not appreciated at his true worth. He thought himself a genius, and since the people would not discover that fact of their own volition he kept asseverating it in his writings. Towards the end of his life the fact that he was in danger of dying neglected seems to have weighed greatly on his mind. In a letter printed in his memoirs a friend, evidently C. C. Moore, takes him to task for it. Says the letter-writer: "It seems to me that you are a little too anxious in regard to the memory that you wish to leave behind you. For all that you have already done for the love of the Italian language and literature the name of Da Ponte *clarum et venerabile nomen* will be kept in great veneration so long as there remains in this country a taste for elegant letters, and the youth of both sexes will look back in the decline of life to the hours past in pleasant and instructive conversation with their illustrious and elegant teacher as to the most brilliant moments of their existence. This is enough. Do not seek, like Bonaparte, to conquer for yourself all the glory of the world." A few more extracts from the publications of his latter days evince the same spirit. In a letter set as a preface to a pamphlet which he calls "Frottola per far ridere," in 1837, he says "Eighteen months are passed since I had a single pupil. I, the creator of the Italian language in America, the teacher of more than 2000 persons whose progress astounded Italy! I, the poet of Joseph II, the author of thirty-six dramas; the inspiration of Salieri, of Weigl, of Winter, and of MOZART! After twenty-seven years of hard labour I have no more bread in America!" In a similar tone he writes to a friend in Italy: "If fate had led me to France instead of America I would not now fear that my remains might become food for dogs; I would have earned enough money to secure rest for my old body in the grave, and preserve my fame against total oblivion." In 1835, too, he published a "Storia Americana, ossia il Lamento." It is a poet's lament, a portion of which he himself translated, beginning:

"Yet to the hand which has those treasures given
Ye have refused the cymbals and the Lyre;
And from his brow the laurel crown have riven,
Whose name has set the proudest stage on fire."

In the English preface to this poem he relates that he had determined to return to Italy and die, when dissuaded by the receipt of a letter from an admiring benefactor, enclosing fifty dollars. He concludes as follows: "I remain. I will try to be known through the testimony of persons worthy of belief. . . . One such citizen ennobles any place. New York may boast of many such—with her will I leave my ashes, as I have given to her thirty years of my life. Perhaps those ashes will receive, even from the ill-disposed and the ungrateful, 'Vano conforto di tardi sospiri.'"

Da Ponte died of old age, on Aug. 17, 1838, at 9 p.m., at his home, No. 91, Spring Street. Dr. J. W. Francis attended him, and to him the poet, a day before his death, his leading passion inextinguishable, addressed a sonnet. Allegri's *Miserere* was sung at his funeral, and, say eye-witnesses, he was buried "in the Roman Cemetery, in Second Avenue." Between Second Avenue and First, at that time, there were no buildings. Julian C. Verplanck and Dr. Macneven were among his pall-bearers. The Italians of the city resolved to rear a monument over his grave, but never did so; and the place of his burial is unmarked and unknown, like the grave of Mozart.

H. E. K.

Reviews.

INSTRUMENTAL.

Moritz Moszkowski's Pianoforte duets: "Aus aller Herren Länder" (From Foreign Parts), Op. 23, which so well represent, both in melody and harmony, the characteristics of various countries, viz.: Russia, Germany, Spain, Poland, Italy, and Hungary, are too generally and favourably known to require detailed commendation. Seeing that every competent pianist is unhappily not blessed with

the ready co-operation of an adequately capable *primo* or *secondo*, Messrs. Augener & Co., the publishers of the duets, have issued an arrangement of these attractive pieces for Pianoforte Solo by the well-known adept at this kind of labour, Herr Ernst Pauer; and yet another adaptation in the *virtuoso* style for Pianoforte and Violin by the celebrated violinist Tivadar Nachez. That these effectively executed arrangements will still further enlarge the justly earned popularity of the work there can be no manner of doubt.

The same favourable anticipation may be safely extended to Moritz Moszkowski's delightful Pianoforte Duet, "Album Espagnol," Op. 21, as arranged for Pianoforte Solo by Mr. Max Pauer, and published, like the original duet, by the above named firm; likewise the same composer's truly fascinating Pianoforte Duet, "Spanische Tänze" (Danses espagnoles), Op. 12, adapted for Pianoforte Solo by Albert Ulrich, and published in the well-known Peters edition, both works offering welcome additions to the *répertoire* of performers in quest of genuinely good and effective music.

"Im Gebirg" ("In the Mountains"), Op. 7, by Swan Hennessy, four pieces for pianoforte solo (Augener & Co.), betoken a decided leaning to the richly-harmonised modern style of composition, more especially to the manner, not to say mannerism, of Theodor Kirchner, to whom they are dedicated. These pieces would seem to have been written during exceptionally fine weather, and as descriptive of mountains of very moderate elevation, without a cloud to disturb the transparency of the atmosphere, and without a single trait of that grandeur and occasional storminess of mountain scenery properly so called. The idea of absolute serenity being thus reflected throughout the work, the element of a desirable contrast is absent. Nevertheless, these short sketches show a practised hand as well as refined taste and feeling, and are especially welcome as an earnest of more important things to come.

X. Scharwenka's Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello in E minor, Op. 46, published in a cheap form by Augener & Co., cannot be said to belong to the *ad captandum* style of music. On the other hand, the subjects chosen are both refined and impressive, and their elaboration is as interesting as it is artistic. The sonata consists only of three movements, but the absence of the now customary scherzo is amply made up for by a long drawn-out adagio, admirably adapted to the cantabile character of the violoncello. For the benefit of those who do not happen to possess that *rara avis*, a violoncellist competent to grapple with the technical difficulties of such a work, at their disposal, an excellent arrangement of the sonata for pianoforte and violin has been provided by the composer. The sonata, which greatly gains by increased familiarity, is well worth the attention of those who care for the practice of clever music for its own sake, without aiming at the applause of an ordinary drawing-room audience.

The famous Russian composer, Tchaikowsky, has been presented to pianists by Messrs. Augener & Co., in two attractive volumes, styled respectively "Twelve Morceaux" and "Tchaikowsky Album," the latter containing six pieces. Nothing could be more diversified in character than this charming music, reflecting the various moods of that fanciful composer, from the sparkling "Scherzo humoristique" and mirthful "Au village," a couple of graceful mazurkas and a valse, to the exquisitely tender and pathetic "Romance" and "Chanson Triste" and the solemn "Marche Funèbre" comprised in the selection. A delightfully spontaneous tunefulness of great refinement marks these pieces throughout, whilst their originality—excepting the "Marche Funèbre," obviously conceived on the lines of Chopin's famous dirge—is, in these days of musical plagiarism, truly remarkable; for there is scarcely a bar in those two books reflective (with the above reservation) in the faintest degree of anything heard before. Almost the same measure of praise is due to "Poésies Musicales," by Haberbier, published in the same cheap "Augener edition." These, although less conspicuous for distinctive originality, are altogether of a superior order of modern pianoforte music, and well descriptive of the things or fancies which they are intended to convey to the educated musical ear, such as "Près de la Source," "Le Chemin du Couvre-feu," "Les Cloches Enchantées," &c. These eight pieces, Op. 59, are the sequel of an equally charming series of twenty-four pieces, "Études-poésies," or "Haberbier Album," Op. 53 (Cranz, Hamburg), and being almost unknown in this country, will enable pianists of moderate ability to present something new and genuinely effective to their audiences.

Poetry.

A SCOTCH SONG.*

It's an owercome sooth for age an' youth,
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends
And the young are just on trial.

There's a rival bauld wi' young an' auld,
And it's him that has bereft me;
For the surest friends are the auldest friends
And the maist o' mines hae left me.

There are kind hearts still, for friends to fill,
And fools to take and break them;
But the nearest friends are the auldest friends,
And the grave's the place to seek them.

* From Mr. R. L. Stevenson's newly published volume of poems.

Occasional Notes.

AMERICANS seldom say die. The National Opera Company of New York, which is not altogether without experience of the Bankruptcy Court, is going to be started on a new basis; and, as far as we can tell, that basis promises to be a fairly substantial one. A syndicate has been formed, one of the members of which is Mrs. Thurber, who some time ago bought the property and properties of the old company, valued at 200,000 dollars, for the moderate sum of 23,000, so that a good stock for the mounting of old and new pieces is in hand. Mr. Henrichs, a musician well known in America, is to be the conductor, and the list of artists includes such names as Fursch-Madi, Juch, Hastreiter, Sylva, Bassett, Ludwig, the excellent baritone, well remembered in London; Vetta, and others. The principal tenor will be Mr. Barton McGuckin, who sails on the 29th of October, and will make his first appearance on November 11 in *Lohengrin*. He is also to sing in *Faust*, Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba*, Rubinstein's *Nero*, and possibly *Die Meistersinger*. In case *Colomba* should be produced, he would also, of course, resume his original part in that opera, but this is as yet *in nubibus*.

Such a list of works fills the bosom of the Londoner, who has no opera at all to look forward to, with a feeling of wonder not altogether free from envy. Rubinstein and Goldmark may not be operatic composers of the first order, but the intelligent amateur would wish to have some idea of what their music is like; and when; oh, when, are we to see *Die Meistersinger* in English?

Taste for high-class music is rapidly spreading in Belgium. The most important artistic news that comes from Brussels is the project of M. Franz Servais to establish popular concerts in something of the style of Padeloup's. Symphonic and choral works will be performed, Berlioz's *Faust* being chosen for the first concert, at the Salle de l'Alhambra. Ten concerts are to be given in Brussels, and five in the provinces. M. Servais is a musician who is regarded with confidence, not only as the composer of the *Apollonide*, but as the conductor of the Liszt Festival in 1881, when he showed himself a sympathetic and competent interpreter of the master's music. For such of the Brussels public as have not the *entrée* of the Conservatoire concerts classical works—symphonies by Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Beethoven, will prove all the greater attraction because they are seldom heard outside the Conservatoire.

The Organ World.

MENDELSSOHN AS AN ORGAN PLAYER.

V.

ON the evening of the same day on which Mendelssohn played at Christ Church, Newgate Street, we attended the performance of *St. Paul* given by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall. The following day we proceeded to Birmingham, at which town the Festival commenced on September 19, 1837. At the evening concert of that day, Mendelssohn played on the organ, extemporising upon "Your harp and cymbals" (Solomon) Handel and the first movement of Mozart's D Major Symphony, treating these passages in fugal fashion. At the Friday, September 22, morning concert, he played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E flat (St. Anne's Tune). This fine performance was greatly applauded. *En passant* one may note that it would be difficult to account for the neglect of this prelude—one of Bach's most interesting specimens of its type—remembering the wide-spread popularity of the Fugue. The Fugue is very fine, and with its three movements forms a work of sufficiently varied interest to stand well alone; still the neglect of the Prelude is somewhat curious all the same.

In 1840 Mendelssohn again played at the Birmingham Festival. On September 22, he played a Fugue, the name of which is not recorded, so far as the present writer can ascertain. On the 23rd, after the performance of the *Hymn of Praise*, when the audience separated, he played for three-quarters of an hour on the organ. After a selection from Handel's *Jephthah*, given on the 24th of September, he gave a masterly improvisation on the organ, combining subjects from Theme sublime and Ever faithful from the previously performed *Jephthah* music in "a masterly style," says a biographical notice, on the strength of the recollections of Mr. James Turle and Mr. Bowley, then connected with the London Sacred Harmonic Society. Returning to London, Mendelssohn played at St. Peter's, Cornhill, on September 30; giving Bach's fine Prelude and Fugue in E minor, his own in C minor, Op. 37, No. 1—which Dr. E. J. Hopkins recalls as being played slowly and with remarkable character, power and dignity. Mendelssohn also played upon this occasion, a Fugue in F minor in six-eight time, which is probably not yet printed. He wrote a few bars of this as a memento, still ornamenting the vestry of the church. Several other pieces were given, and he concluded with a fine rendering of Bach's "Passeccaille." Two years later he again played at the same church, where it will be remembered, Miss Mounsey, afterwards Mrs. Mounsey-Bartholomew, and the wife of the adapter of *Elijah* and other works to English text, and the lady to whom it is said he presented the MS. of his beautiful Motet "Hear my prayer" was organist. It should be added, that the MS. of the Fugue in F minor, played upon this interesting occasion, is now in the Berlin Bibliothek. Of Mendelssohn's second visit to St. Peter's, Cornhill, something will be said further on.

The present series of articles would not be complete without giving quotations from Schumann's highly interesting account of the organ recital given by Mendelssohn in aid of the Leipzig Bach Memorial movement of 1840. "Would that I could record last evening," writes Schumann, "in these pages with golden letters. It was a concert for men, for a change, for a complete whole from beginning to end. Again I thought how we never are at an end with Sebastian Bach. He seems to grow more profound the oftener he is heard. Zetter, and then Marx, wrote striking and excellent things about him; and yet, as we listen, we perceive that we can

only distantly approach him through a verbal description. The best illustration and explanation of his great works will ever be found in the music itself; and by whom can we expect to find this warmly and truly performed, if not by the artist (Mendelssohn) who yesterday delighted us—he who has devoted the greatest part of his life to precisely this master (Bach), who was the first to refresh the memory of Bach in our midst, who now also gives the first impulse towards bringing his image nearer the minds of our contemporaries by an outward token?"

The idea (of a Bach memorial) that emanated from this place should be merged in other places, especially in Berlin and Breslau, which cities have honoured themselves by Bach performances, and where there must be people well aware of what music owes to Bach.

In his concert circular, Mendelssohn expresses himself clearly and simply on this matter: "Until now, no memorial has been erected to betoken the former presence in Leipzig of the greatest artist this city ever possessed. His intellect and works seem to gain stronger influence now than ever, and as sympathy with these can never become extinct in the hearts of true lovers of music it is hoped that such an undertaking (the proposed Bach memorial) may meet with appreciation and assistance, &c." "As might be expected," continues Schumann, "the beginning of this undertaking by such an artist as Mendelssohn was a worthy one, and its aim crowned with support and success. How thoroughly Mendelssohn knows how to treat Bach's royal instrument, is widely known. Yesterday he laid before us the most precious jewels in a glorious arrangement of change and gradation, prefaced by a Prelude and closed by a Fantasia of his own. After a brief introduction, he played a Fugue in E flat major (known as St. Anne's Tune in England owing to the identity of the subject with the first sentence of the hymn tune). A noble work, containing three thoughts, built upon each other. Then came a Fantasia on the Choral "Deck thyself, beloved soul"; as priceless, profound a piece of music as ever sprang from a true artist's mind. Then a grand, brilliant Prelude and Fugue in A minor, both very difficult and only for the masters of organ-playing. After a pause came the *Passeccaille* in C minor, with its twenty-one variations genially intertwined with each other, and admirably registered by Mendelssohn. Then a Pastorale in F major, thought out of the deepest depths in which such a work may be found; closed by a Toccata in F minor, with a humoristic Bachian Prelude. Mendelssohn finished his organ concert with a Fantasia of his own, in which he displayed the fullest glory of his art. This was based upon a choral into which he introduced the name of Bach and a fugal movement that, if printed, would have appeared a perfect work of art. A fine summer evening shone through the church windows; even outside, in the free air, many basked with delight in those wonderful tones, thinking that in music there is no greater enjoyment than that of the double pre-eminence displayed when one master interprets the works of another. Fame and honour to the old and to the young."

E. H. TURPIN.

A SIDE-LIGHT VIEW OF THE ORGAN WORLD A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CONTINUING the extracts already given from the "Court and Private Life in the Time of Queen Charlotte," by Mrs. Papendieck, organists, it is assumed, will be interested in the following quotations:—

"A concert was the first entertainment given at the palace. The St. James's band was added to the King's private band, and the singers for the choruses were chosen from the Windsor choristers. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, the Misses Abram, Signor Tasca, and

Madame Mara, were also engaged, and the Queen begged the latter to direct the management of the platform for the orchestra. Mara sang 'The prince, unable to conceal his pain,' *Alexander's Feast*, to perfection. . . . Baron Dillon stood behind Mara and assisted in the obbligate pianoforte parts in many of the choruses, &c., and Sexton, the deputy-organist of St. George's Chapel, presided at the organ."

"The question of filling the post of organist at Windsor was now brought forward, and many were proposed to the King. Finally a friend of the Delavany's was chosen, Dr. Aylward, professor and lecturer at Gresham College. He understood the chapel service well, and all the business of an organist. He kept on the deputy-organist as before, and made the duties of singing as easy to the boys and men of the choir as could be complied with."

"The new organist, Dr. Aylward's, house now being in order, he asked the canons if they would honour him with their company at the house-warming, to which they replied with an acceptance. An evening was fixed when the Royal Family would be at Kew for a couple of days, so that the doctor might have the benefit of such of the band as were required for the accompaniment of Handel's overtures, &c. The house was in the singing men's cloisters. The large room, with the organ and harpsichord, was of course set apart for the music. . . . The concert was good. The singing was by the gentlemen of the choir and the leading boys, with Rogers to lead and accompany them, with the assistance of Sexton, the sub-organist, Mr. Papendieck and Baron Dillon joining in many of the catches and glees. Miss Stowe played the second concerto of Handel on the harpsichord, and all the music was excellently performed. The evening was altogether a success, the refreshments good, with plenty of the doctor's excellent wine for the clergymen, and a regular supply for the performers; and all the arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of the company being carefully attended to, everybody retired well satisfied."

"The ceremonies of the New Year's drawing-room were this year observed on the Queen's birthday. The Ode was performed by the State band of St. James's, Dr. Parsons being the organist and conductor."

"The King always spent from Friday to Monday at Windsor. There was a tendency to drowsiness in the evening which the doctors did not like, and it was thought advisable that the Queen should engage a music master for the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth, who should remain at Windsor on those days, and besides giving these lessons, be ready at call to play in the evenings to amuse His Majesty, assisted by Dr. Aylward, the then organist of St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor, and the singers of the choir. The King's band could not leave London before the appointed time, added to which, we were this season to have an Abbey performance. Whom to fix upon now became the question. John Cramer was too young; Dussek was scarcely known; and Hulmandel, although a Wurtemburger, was from Paris. It was thought prudent in these warlike times to pass him by. Clementi was applied to, but he was too crafty and shrewd to have anything to do with a court. He gave out that as he then had health and power to continue his teaching for sixteen hours a day, at a guinea a lesson, he did not wish to break the spell while the public were willing to employ him. These terms he never lessened, except in the two cases of Miss Stowe and my cousin Charlotte. Clementi, on refusing, said that he could recommend a very proper person, and one known to the Royal family, namely the eldest daughter of Louis Albert (my cousin Charlotte). This so incensed the Queen that the dislike she had always felt towards them all became intensified. She showed, I should almost say, a wish to dispense with the services of my uncle, which, however, could not be done."

"A person as music teacher was at length found; a professor, but one who did not solely depend on the public for support or a livelihood. He taught and lived a good deal among the nobility, who in those days encouraged such characters as could contribute to the amusement of their social quiet meetings. This man's name was Horn. He was of Bach's and Schroeder's school, and played Haydn and Mozart, which suited the King's taste admirably. He, moreover, preferred a two-rowed keyed harpsichord to a grand pianoforte, which also pleased the King, so this matter was settled. Mr. Horn's teaching and performing interested the Princesses but little."

"Princess Elizabeth, who had a good voice, and sang naturally well, encouraged their having the singers as often as possible, which ultimately led to Dr. Parsons, the St. James's Chapel royal organist, obtaining the appointment of singing master. He also succeeded Wiedemann as master of the State band at St. James's. Mr. Papendieck had looked forward to this, but the King told him that these public appointments must be held by Englishment, promising him instead the sergeant trumpeter's place, which, however, upon the first vacancy was given to General Rooke."

"The first of the series of Abbey concerts took place on May 28. Storace this year (1790) appeared as the new singer. She sat in the centre and sang 'Dove sei.' On her right sat Mrs. Billington, who sang 'Pious orgies,' Cramer answering the sentences *obbligato*. It was indeed sublime. Mara, on the left, sang 'Farewell, ye Limpid Streams' in a manner not to be described for its excellence. The other singers of note all acquitted themselves to perfection, duets, quartets, quintets, besides solos, being judiciously chosen, with superb choruses, and the Coronation Anthem."

"This year (1791) my mother went with me to the Abbey concert. The whole of the music was perfectly enchanting. We had Mara, Billington, Storace, and the inimitable David, tenor, who sang 'Thy rebuke hath broken his heart,' with a long recitative, both that and the air being so scientifically performed that there was scarcely a dry eye in the Abbey. Mrs. Kennedy, who had a contralto voice melodiously sweet, joined with David in delicious bits of duo, and there was nothing in the performance to be wished for."

"Mr. Horn was now to teach the princesses the pianoforte, recommended by Dr. Parsons. The Queen had determined to try young Rodgers, but, poor fellow, although he possessed first-rate abilities for teaching, his delicate health and unfavourable appearance prevented the Queen from engaging him; but she promised that he should not be forgotten in a situation that might suit him. Upon the new window in St. George's Chapel being put up, and the old chapel being renewed and beautified, the King ordered a new organ (the once-famous instrument by Samuel Green) and gave the old one to the parish church, reserving to himself the nomination of the organist. Mr. Papendieck entreated the Queen to bring Rodgers to the King's notice, which was done, and after some opposition he was finally appointed to the post of organist at a salary of £25 a year and £5 for teaching the boys. The King paid the expenses of the organ-loft, of fixing and repairing the organ, and keeping it in repair for one year."

We now read of yet another London concert-room, another proof that concert-room monopolies were certainly not so much an abuse of London with only one million inhabitants as they are in London boasting of a population of nearly five millions:—

"To bring the Opera House into repute a new room had been added for concerts, of much larger dimensions than the Hanover Square Rooms, but much the same as Willis's, which were usually engaged for balls. This season, however, passed without its being completed, and all public entertainments proceeded as before, the Ancient Concerts being held at the rooms in Tottenham Court Road."

A visit from one of the greatest masters of the art, Haydn, of course occupies much of the attention of so devoted a lover of music as good Mrs. Papendieck:—

"Haydn, long expected, now at last arrived. Immediately on his arrival he told Salomon that he should stay the summer in England, and that, as he heard there were to be twelve concerts and two benefits during the season, there would be ample time for him to compose his first symphonies after he had had the opportunity of studying the taste of the English. He was determined that his first production should both amuse and please the musical public and rivet him in their favour. The wished for night (of Haydn's first concert) at last arrived, and as I was anxious to be near the performers I went early. The concert opened with a symphony of Haydn's that he brought with him, but which was not known in England. It consisted of four movements, pleasing, lively, and good. Our singers were Mara and a very interesting young woman, a Miss Chaun, David and Tasca, and others of the day; also, when they were at liberty, one or two from among Storace, the Misses Abram, Parke, Poole, Mrs. Kennedy, Harrison, and others were chosen for each of the concerts."

Among the instrumental solo or quartet performers were Madame Krumpoltus and Dussek, and as the first professors were in the orchestra one or other of them always performed in duo or in concerted pieces. The second act invariably opened with a new symphony composed for the night. Haydn, of course, conducted his own music, and generally that of other composers; in fact, all through the evening.

"The Hanover Square Rooms are calculated to hold eight hundred persons exclusive of the performers. By the beginning of the second act we concluded that all had arrived who intended to come, and though we knew that Salomon's subscription list was not full we had hoped for additions during the evening. But no; and I regret to make this observation of my countrymen, that until they know what value they are likely to receive for their money they are slow in coming forward with it. An undertaking of this magnitude, bringing such a superior man from his own country as Haydn to compose for an orchestra filled with the highest professional skill and talent, should have met with every encouragement, first to show respect to the stranger, and then to Salomon, who lived among us and had done so much for the musical world, in this case having taken such infinite trouble and incurred so much risk. Now the anxious moment arrived, and, Salomon having called 'attention' with his bow, the company rose to a person and remained standing through the whole of the first movement.

"The effect was imposingly magnificent. The instruments might all be said to have an obligato part, so perfectly was the whole combination conceived and carried out. The applause was great. The public were satisfied and Haydn was very properly taken up.

"His twelve grand symphonies were composed expressly for this series of concerts, and he stands unrivalled in this style of composition. His grand oratorio, *The Creation*, was also written while he was in this country, and added greatly to his fame, and he was sought after far and wide. Indeed, his amiability, his unbounded talent in many ways, and his humility withal, his liberality and his every virtue could but bring him friends. He was then the leading professor of modern music, and his works must and surely will always be considered among the greatest of their class."

THE MUSICAL FORM OF THE HYMN TUNE.

A PAPER on this subject was lately read by Mr. J. Spencer Curwen, the chair being occupied by Dr. Stainer. The following quotation from this thoughtful and able paper, which was read before the "Musical Association," will be interesting to organists and choirmasters:—

Let us first remind ourselves that the hymn tune is subject to the weakness as well as the strength of all vocal music written in the stanza form, that is, which repeats the same music to successive verses of the poetry. The weakness of this form is that the composer cannot take account of the changing sentiment of the words; its strength—and for popular purposes this strength is of overwhelming importance—is that the frequently recurring tune impresses itself upon the memory, and helps to keep the words in mind. When—to Anglicise the convenient German word, *durchcomponirt*—the music is "composed through," it bends entirely to the words, and the most intimate expression becomes possible. This is no doubt the form of setting lyrics to music best calculated to please the populace. The hymn tune is even more shackled in regard to verbal expression than its secular counterpart, the ballad. A ballad singer can vary the length of notes from verse to verse, so as to improve the elocutional force of the words. Metrical irregularities can be accommodated. But in the case of the hymn tune this is not possible. The hymn tune is for the congregation, a vast yielding mass, which would be perplexed and confounded by attempts to accommodate the music to the poetry.

I confess to a lingering notion that minims are more sedate than crotchets, and short-sighted people tell me they are more easy to read.

A variation from the orthodox measure of common metre can be obtained by compressing the tune into triple time. For a hymn of superficial cast of thought this triple time rhythm does very well.

Long metre is necessarily heavy and monotonous. Each line of words, if the tune carries a note to a syllable, and is in common time, fills four bars, so that there is no space for pause or breathing place

from first to last. Congregations, however, require breathing time, and it is best to make a short pause at the end of the second line. To write a long-metre tune, which is really interesting, is a difficult task; how much more, then, to write a double long metre.

All art forms have principles in common, and an interesting parallel may be drawn between a hymn tune and a novel. In a novel the suspense and excitement reach their height at the end of the second volume: the third volume is devoted to pleasurable reunions and the establishment of rest and confidence.

Quicker singing has worked a great change; the harmony no longer moves with the beat, it continues through two, and sometimes through four beats, and cadences between the lines are often avoided, two lines becoming one harmonic phrase. Add to this the free use of modern harmony, and we realise how widely the conception of the Psalm or hymn tune has changed.

The multiplication of new metres by the poets requires an endless multiplication of new tunes. The Bristol Tune Book is a very large collection containing 594 tunes, yet the compiler told me the other day that a collection of hymns had been issued for public worship which contained fifty new metres unprovided for in his large collection. It is difficult to say where this will end.

The rhythmical balance of lines in hymn tunes is an important matter. Three-bar phrases, though they cannot always be avoided, are always unsatisfactory to the ear.

The practical evil of this ill-proportioned writing is that congregations drag when there is nothing in the tune to assert its rhythmical form; on the other hand they are quick to respond to evenly measured rhythm.

Some editors, should we say tinkers, of hymn tunes have a great objection to passing notes, and strike them all out. I have no sympathy with this.

Unison is certainly an allowable device in hymn tunes. Many of our leading organists would be glad to have nothing else.

Composers are very apt to consider only the first verse of a hymn in writing a tune. The probability is that the more closely the phrases of a tune fit the elocutional emphasis of the first verse, the more thoroughly will they outrage that emphasis in the subsequent verses.

Many composers have made lavish use of chromatic harmony in their tunes. There can be no doubt, however, that this is usually out of place, and that the true style is diatonic. Reliance should be placed on broad effects rather than upon prettiness. There is, I am aware, some ground for the *tu quoque* argument. Hymns of the period are introspective and dreamy. It has been said that whereas Bunyan's Pilgrim shook off his burden with a vigorous effort, and saw it no more, the modern pilgrim sits down, takes off his burden, and examines its contents one by one with melancholy interest. Hymns of this kind naturally invite weak and maudlin tunes. Composers are justified in making this retort when they are accused of not writing better tunes.

The possibilities of harmonic sequence, or thematic development in a hymn tune are exceedingly small. Anything that can give unity to a tune is pleasing to the musical ear. Now and then a hymn may be found like "Winter reigneth o'er the land," where the last verse changes suddenly from lamentation to rejoicing. This may be emphasised by a change to the tonic major.

One of the most pressing evils wrought by tune book editors is the alteration of the harmonies of standard tunes. I refer to such national tunes as "Old Hundreth," "Bedford," &c. The style of harmony congenial to the period to which certain old standard tunes belong deserves consideration. There are no unprepared second inversions, and we have the suspended fourth in the cadence. I am aware that from the earliest printed records of these tunes editors have been accustomed to reharmonise them, but this reharmonising ought always to be done in the historical spirit of the tune, and, as alterations are in all cases annoying to singers, as few as possible should be made.

I protest against the principle that it is an editor's duty to impress his individuality upon every old tune. This principle is a somewhat dangerous one. The composers of "Winchester Old" and the "Old Hundreth," are not in a position to complain of these outrages upon their work, but when the process is applied to the tunes of living composers the unfairness of the result is manifest.

It remains only to speak of adaptations from secular sources. It is held by some that these are in every case inadmissible. With this I can hardly agree. Music in itself is neither secular nor sacred, and each piece must be judged upon its merits. Where there are living secular associations to a tune, it cannot of course be employed in worship. Let us take as an example the adaptation from Mendelssohn's Festgesang, which we sing so commonly to "Hark! the herald." This is a song in honour of the inventor of printing, and at the point where we sing "Hark! the herald angels sing," the original sentiment is "Gutenberg der grosser Mann." The change of sentiment is striking and bold, yet who would object to it? Many tunes written for hymns are distressingly secular, while we have cases in which music, originally designed to express non-religious sentiment, is admirably adapted for hymns of worship.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

VOLUNTARIES.

TO THE (ORGAN) EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—Has the College of Organists ever held any discussion on the principles which should guide a Church Organist in his selection of Voluntaries?

History repeats itself. In the time of Palestrina all church music but unisonous plain song was in danger of being prohibited on account of the musical levities committed by thoughtless or irreverent musicians; that a similar evil existed in the last century is patent from a paragraph in the *Spectator* for 1767, quoted at the end of Mr. Frederic Archer's admirable Organ School; the organists of that date "introduced into their farewell Voluntaries a sort of music quite foreign to the design of Church Services, to the great prejudice of well-disposed people." "Good thoughts and dispositions have been all in a moment dissipated by a merry jig from the organ loft." That Rink thought a similar warning necessary at the beginning of this century is evident from the preface to Part V. of his Organ School; and it seems to me, sir, that in the present day the organists are no less apt to be guilty of musical levity in Divine Service than they of old. The Voluntary is *not* looked upon (which I think it should be) as an integral part of the service, and the sacredness and dignity of the place are ignored. Now that there are so many Town Hall Organs, compositions are rightfully written for the "King of Instruments" and played at secular recitals, which are altogether unfit for introduction into Divine Service. Yet the idea prevails, at any rate *is acted upon*, that anything written for the organ is suitable for Church use! which shows a lamentable ignorance of the modern use of the instrument.

One cannot say that no music should be played but that which was written for the church, for that would exclude much that is suitable for Divine Service and would certainly include much that is *not*. For instance, in my humble opinion, music should not be played for Voluntaries, which makes people feel inclined to dance, yet not only is music of this description played, but music *written for church use* has this effect. In making these remarks I have met with the reply that "religion should not be made a dull thing." Precisely so! but there is all the difference between religious joy and ball-room merriment, and as much difference between the compositions which musically depict these states of mind; between, for instance, a chorus of Handel's and a polka, or comic opera, yet sad to say, I have heard more than once of selections from the latter being played in church! Should one say then that no music ever written for an opera should be played in church? This would exclude much that is in itself suitable. Yet to play in church a composition, however good in itself, which is irresistibly associated with scenes of frivolous gaiety is certainly culpable irreverence. This leads to the only approach to a rule I have myself been able to formulate, viz.: "To play only music which is suitable in character to the solemnity of Divine Service and which has, in addition, no inappropriate associations." This would exclude dance music and all selections from operas except those which are obsolete (unless the selections are themselves sacred—such as a "Priere"). I presume marches are not strictly dance music, yet there are comparatively few I think the trios of which are not likely to disturb those who would

obey the injunction "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the House of God." There is another danger; the flattering expressions of those who will commend one for playing a piece of music they like however unsuitable it may be. It is hard for an organist to resist playing an unsuitable composition when he knows that if he does play it there will be friends (though of perhaps little musical and less church feeling) waiting at the door to thank him for doing so.

It will be seen from what I have said that it is no easy matter, even for a well-intentioned organist, to lay down a rule in this matter, and I think the College of Organists would confer a boon not only upon its younger members like myself, but upon congregations generally, if they would discuss a definition of the term "sacred music" as applied to Voluntaries.

PULSATOR ORGANORUM.

RECITAL NEWS.

EASTBOURNE.—At St. Anne's Church, No. 18 of "Half-hours with the Great Composers" (Sept. 4), was the following selection from the works of Henry Smart:—1. Fantasia, with Choral, in G (*Allegro maestoso*); 2. Postlude in D major (*Allegro pomposo*); 3. Andante in F, dedicated "to his friend, W. T. Best;" 4. Festive March in D major (*Allegro moderato*). The performer was Mr. Fred. Winkley, A.C.O.

EAST WINCH.—An organ recital was given on Sept. 7, in All Saints Church. The programme included:—Allegretto in B minor (Guilmant); Prelude and Fugue in C minor, with pedal solo (Bach); Allegro moderato (1st movement) from Organ Concerto No. 6, set 1, in B flat (Handel); Concerto No. 10, in F (Corelli); Romance in F, Op. 50, composed for violin and orchestra (Beethoven); Sacred Song, "Ave Maria" (Schubert); Festive March (H. Smart); Grand Offertoire in D major (Batiste). At the organ: Mr. F. Winkley, organist of St. Ann's, Eastbourne, and Associate of the College of Organists.

LEEDS.—At the Town Hall on September 10, a Recital was given by the Borough Organist. Dr. Spark's programme included: Overture to the opera "Fidelio" (Beethoven); Adagio in A flat, from a Grand Symphony (Mozart); Concerto in G Minor and Major—Cadenza (Handel); The Old "Vesper Hymn," with variations and fugue (MS.) (W. Spark); Gavotte et Rondeau en E, de la Sonate pour Violon No. 6, transcribed for the organ (S. Bach); Gavotte in A, Une Fête à Versailles dans le style du XVIII^e siècle (Emile Tavan); Prelude to "The Creation," and Grand Chorus, "The Heavens are telling" (Haydn).

NOTES.

The vacant organistship at the Cape Town Cathedral is thus commented upon by a local journal:—"It is generally known that the organist of St. George's Cathedral has tendered his resignation. It is not now the time to speak of the loss that will be sustained by Mr. C. N. Thomas's relinquishment of his office. It is whispered that a proposal is under consideration of importing an organist from England. In the interest of the musical profession we may venture to express a hope that this proposal will not find favour with those who have the management of the business. The income attached to the organist's place is only sufficient to enable the incumbent to add butter to the bread otherwise earned, and with the small loaf at the disposal of the musical profession in this city it would be cruel to bring in another competitor for the too exiguous slices. There is surely an organist and choirmaster to be found on the spot without incurring the risk of an importation. The risk is twofold. There is always the chance of getting an unsuitable man; and there is the chance of getting a man fit for the work but not fit to endure the struggle for life in everyday employment. The safer and kinder plan is to offer the appointment to a member of the musical profession who has already made his home amongst us, and proved his capacity for the work."

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E. H. TURPIN, Hon. Sec.

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"Musical World" Stories.**THE LOST SCORE.**

A TALE OF A MUSICIAN.

By ARTHUR L. SALMON.

(Continued from page 738.)

At first thought it may seem that the loss of his score, if it were lost, would not have been irreparable. Many a composer has retained long works in his brain before committing them to paper. But with Nicolini it was different. His nervous and sensitive nature was not enough under his control to enable him to keep those things in his mind which he wished to remember. Thoughts came to him by inspiration, and vanished as quickly. Sometimes he might pass a week without composing a note worthy of his ideal; at other times the mood would strike him, and he felt his strength. With all his abilities, his genius, he lacked self-reliance; and the fear of forgetting an inspiration might easily have caused him to lose it. That which many men, otherwise far his inferiors, have in abundance, was almost entirely wanting in him. The terrible thought of losing his score, which had never before occurred to his mind, now goaded him to madness. He had laboured at it, cherished it, so long that the very paper on which it was written was dear to him.

At last, in his frenzied search, he chanced to look near the fireplace. It had been empty the night before; now he noticed a pile of ashes, like burnt fragments of paper. He snatched them up—there was nothing legible—all crumbled away at his touch, and the wind from the open window scattered them round the room. This was too much. His daughter and his score, both gone!—his score and his daughter! Striking his forehead with his clenched fist, Nicolini fell to the ground insensible.

VII.

Long and dismal were the weeks that succeeded this heavy blow. Some neighbours had found the poor musician in the morning, lying senseless on the floor of his room. He had struck his head in the fall, and clotted drops had gathered around the wound. Placing him on his bed, with rough kindness, they had tended him through a wild delirious fever, in which he had lain for many days insensible; now talking incoherently of his score or of his daughter, now in a death-like stupor. And when at last the fever left him it was to leave behind a heavy depression of spirits, almost like madness.

By degrees he managed to return to his daily duties, but all the energy, the ardour, the purpose of his life seemed gone for ever.

Now and then floating memories passed through his brain of some grand work which he had undertaken and nearly consummated—now and then the thought of his score haunted him; but he never resumed his pen. Scattered melodies from his great work

sometimes broke through his dreams, like rays of light, passing away to leave a deeper darkness. The link which had bound his days in one unceasing endeavour, one fervent hope and ambition, was broken; the golden chain was loosed. He became careless, wearied of life, despairing.

Occasionally he heard from his daughter, receiving gifts from her which formed an important part of his sustenance; for his professional labours had now become more unsettled and precarious than ever before.

It was in this condition that his life was passed; dull, unvarying, hopeless. Yet he lived on, so strong is man's hold on life, growing grey and bowed with the premature age of sorrow; almost oblivious of his earlier days, and quite heedless of the future. He still clung fondly to his old home, though his daughter often urged him to cross the seas and live with her; he had no spirit to make the move, and he stayed. Even his natural affections seemed stunted or withered, but he still felt a fondness for that home which had witnessed his years of happiness and endeavour; that home whose very walls seemed sometimes to speak to him in the language of a kind, sympathetic regard. And his life was not always a melancholy darkness; at times he had glimpses of light, like flashes on a river, revealing unknown depths.

He had been occupied seventeen years with his score; seventeen more slowly rolled away, and he never put pen to paper. All his genius had gone from him, the ripe fruitfulness of his earlier manhood, the rich stores of youth chastened and mellowed into true gold by sober experience—all this had perished with his score.

He was now a machine, an automaton. Not much difference might be noticed in him externally; his hand still retained its cunning, enabling him to fulfil the humble drudgeries of his art; but the spirit that informed his actions—the life-power—was dead, or rather sleeping.

VIII.

As I said before, seventeen years had now passed since the fatal night in which the score had disappeared. Very little had changed in Nicolini's way of living, only that he had grown grey and decrepid.

One night he returned from an engagement at the theatre, with his violin under his arm. Slowly and disconsolately he passed along the streets, and unlocking the door entered his solitary dwelling. To-day the memory of the past had been more vivid than ever since the catastrophe; early hopes and inspirations had returned, vaguely and dimly, and during the opera at which he had performed, his eyes had been often flooded with tears. He, who had not wept for seventeen years!

The music had moved him strangely, and his heart had been melted into a long-unknown tenderness. The heart which had been crushed under a sudden blow, had not been broken. God, who had tempered the wind, was bringing the sunshine.

On that very night Nicolini's old dream returned to him once more. This time there was a change. He was standing in the same building, but the place was dark except that the moonlight fell in at the stained windows. He was alone, and searching for something in the gloom, when suddenly the place became gloriously illuminated, and a figure in white appeared to him, pointing to a scroll that lay at his feet.

He stooped, and saw that it was his score.

A sudden thrill of joy passed through him, and awoke him. There was somebody knocking below at his door; he could distinctly hear first a low rap, then a bolder succession of blows.

With a tremor not entirely of fear, Nicolini rose, and went to the window. The remembrance of a night seventeen years ago rushed on him with a terrible vividness; that night when, as now, he had been mysteriously visited.

IX.

"Who knocks, so late in the night?" asked the trembling musician.

"Maestro Nicolini," answered a man's voice, "you are wanted by someone who wishes you well. He is dying, and there is no time for delay."

Half distrustful, yet urged as by a secret influence, Nicolini dressed himself, and descended to the street. He found his attendant, muffled in a cloak, waiting with a lantern; and they

walked on together in silence. At length they stopped before a large house. It was very dark, and the musician, who was little used to exploring the thoroughfares of his city, did not recognise the place. No wonder that he hesitated before following his guide down the long shadowy passage at which they found themselves. His doubts were but for a moment, however; why should he not trust the stranger? He had no enemies now; none who would trouble themselves to injure him.

A few moments brought them into a large room, dimly lighted. In one corner, on a bed with rich but faded hangings, lay a man, thin, haggard, and evidently dying. His age must have been about forty years. By his side stood a Dominican monk, and an apothecary was busied at the foot of the bed.

As Nicolini approached the bedside, the man raised himself feebly on his arm.

"You do not recognise me," he said, speaking with apparent effort, "and it is little wonder. I am he who came to you one day many years ago, and asked for your daughter. You refused her to me, and I thank God that you did! Enough sin has been laid on my soul—I am glad that the girl escaped. But you maddened me then with your rejection, and I resolved to obtain by force that which I could not have for the asking.

"That very night I got a companion to come with me, and together we scaled the wall of your house and entered the window. When we forced the bedroom door, we found it empty. If ever a devil ruled me, it was then. I looked round eagerly for some means of revenging myself; I would have murdered you had not my companion dissuaded me. 'He is a poor old simpleton,' he said; 'what is the use of wasting time with him?'

"While we were looking about—not for anything to take, for, low as we were, we were no pickpockets—I happened to see a score of music lying in a corner.

"Here," I said, snatching it up, 'is something that the old fool loves better than his daughter—better than his soul!'

"People said that you had sold yourself to the devil for a roll of music; and we thought it would be a fine joke for you to lose your soul and your score too. So I resolved to take it with me, and keep it in my power to taunt you with it, or perhaps to destroy it before your eyes. But, in order to give you a scare, we gathered up some leaves of paper, and burnt them in the grate. If you had entered at that moment, we should have held you forcibly down while you witnessed the destruction of what you would have believed to be your score. My motive for keeping the music, as you see, was one of cold-blooded revenge. I heard afterwards of your illness, and how you raved for that old score; and I chuckled at it. I meant some day to give it to some poor devil of a musician, who might get it performed as his own, with no one to prove your right. But, as it chanced, I forgot all about it. I carried it home, locked it in a chest, and from that day to this hardly gave it a thought. Since then a long course of sinful pleasure has ruined me. I am dying, and I wish to do what I can to redeem a multitude of past offences. Alas! the deepest are irreparable. Your score lies untouched in yonder chest; take it, and may God forgive my sin!"

Dazed, utterly confounded, Nicolini went to the chest as directed and raised the lid. There, a little stained with age, but otherwise uninjured, lay the score.

With a loud cry of joy, like a father with a new-found child, the musician flung himself on the ground beside it, and burst into tears. With those tears the flood-gates of memory were opened. He remembered his toils, his hopes, his long, long labours; the dream of his lost score, the madness of his sorrow, the dreary years of hopeless desolation. As he gazed on the familiar notes, once so fondly loved, and again so well remembered, the past seventeen years seemed to roll away, like mist. Time, sorrow, age, seemed to dwindle into nothingness by the side of his recovered treasure. He had lived for that before; seventeen long years he had existed, a living death, without it; now he was living again.

He could only clasp it in his arms, and exclaim:

"Oh, God! my score—my score!"

X.

No words can express Nicolini's joy as he trudged homeward with his score in his arms. It was a deep, half-bewildered ecstasy. And when once more he had tried over the precious notes, drawing them

forth lovingly and tenderly on his violin, or striking the full rich harmonies on his harpsichord, each note seemed like an old friend, long lost and almost forgotten. He became amazed at himself, for so long existing without his treasure, and for seventeen years of oblivion as regarded the work which had cost so much joy, so much labour. It was astonishing to him; like the vagaries of a dream. That he could have forgotten it—neglected it—existed without it! Over and over he took the manuscript in his arms, kissing it, hugging it, crying over it. No one who had not centred all the interest and hopes of his life in one supreme labour like this, can sympathise with his extravagant joy. There was something in it different from all other feelings—something not to be compared with any other affection. It was the invincible, the deathless love of an artist for his art.

Seventeen years of darkness and stagnation! How insignificant they now appeared, compared with the moments he had passed since he had recovered his score. One minute of pure joy can annihilate years of suffering.

That night Nicolini set to work to finish his task, so long left uncompleted. The final chorus had been begun when the manuscript was lost. Now, in the vigour of his regenerated youth, the musician enlarged on his original plan, and this final chorus became grander than all which had preceded it. It was a fugue, ending with a massive strain *alla chorale*. One full burst of praise was to come from voices and instruments. Forgetful of the suffering through which he had passed, the composer made joy and thanksgiving the keynote of his life-labours. When morning dawned the task was completed. Before, it had lain like marble, needing the last stroke of the sculptor, or a painting the artist's last touches; now it was perfected, the last note was added, and Nicolini, strengthened by struggling, and purified by tribulation, laid aside his pen for ever.

XI.

This narrative is now drawing to a close.

On the afternoon following the recovery of his score, Nicolini carried it to the *Maestro di Capella* of the Cathedral Santo Gennaro. With modesty, and yet with a certain self-confidence that was new to him, he produced his manuscript, and asked if it might be performed during the coming festival of Nativity. We cannot wonder that the *maestro* stared at the poor unknown musician, who had dared to make such a request.

"At least," said Nicolini, "you will hear the music," and he seated himself at the organ to play portions of his oratorio. Naturally the organ-performance could give but a meagre representation of the vocal beauties of the work; but it was sufficient to redouble the *maestro's* surprise.

"Gran dio!" he exclaimed, "your music is divine!—grander than Palestrina, sweeter than Carissimi, purer than Allegri! Such music is good enough for our Holy Father himself."

With tears springing to his eyes, Nicolini repeated his request, and it was granted. From that day his difficulties vanished, and the fame of his oratorio spread so quickly that he might have had it performed in any church throughout Italy, had he chosen. To add to his delight, he received messages from his daughter and her husband, saying that they would be in Naples as soon as possible after Christmas-day; too late to hear the first grand performance of his work, but soon enough to congratulate him on the success which they anticipated.

The preparations were hastened; many of the best singers and performers in Italy were engaged; and on Christmas-eve the work was given.

Every corner of the vast edifice was crowded; strangers had come from far to witness the advent of a new genius, and no pains had been spared to render the performance as perfect as possible. The happy musician, with his white head bowed over his manuscript, at once attracted the gaze of all eyes; but they would have looked more earnestly had they been able to read the history that was written in the wrinkles of that brow. These things are beyond the skill of men to unravel; they cannot read the secret words that only become visible before the warmth of love or sympathy, and not always then. The handwriting of sorrow is illegible to the many.

When the prelude began—when the solemn, pathetic strains proceeded to ring through the church—when all the life-melody of the great composer's heart thrilled in those of his audience—then it was that he fully knew what he had worked for, and felt that his goal was won.

Little did the listeners know the source of the musician's power—how every note had been as it were a drop of life-blood from his heart—how every chord was the embodiment of some deep joy or tear. The public, when it listens to a musician's work, when it looks at a noble painting, or reads a beautiful poem, seldom thinks of the labour, the sorrow, the joy of the producer. If it pleases them they praise it; if not, they pass it by. In both cases the origin is forgotten.

As the performance proceeded, the interest grew more intense. Never had singers entered more heartily into their task, and the expressive beauty of the whole performance entranced every listener. But when it came to the last chorus, the magnificent *finale*, which had been written after the rest had been laid aside so long, the whole assemblage rose to its feet. During the earlier, the more pathetically solemn portion of the work, every knee had been bent, every head bowed. Now all stood erect, stirred to a deep but voiceless enthusiasm by the full impressive tones of the rich choric harmony.

Tears were streaming down the composer's face—tears of an inexpressible joy; and his lips moved as if in prayer.

XII.

That night, for the last time, after returning from the fulfilment of his lifelong endeavours, his old dream returned to Nicolini. As before, he was standing in a crowded cathedral, witnessing the performance of his own work. The last note had just been sung, the arches and dusky columns still echoed with the reverberation of the organ, when it seemed that a figure from one of the pictures over the altar advanced to the musician, with a crown in its hand, and placing this on his forehead, said "Well done!"

Nicolini never awakened from that dream.

Next morning a crowd gathered around his door—the richest and noblest in Naples—to congratulate him on the success of his work; but he did not reply to their knocking. At last the door was forced, and they ascended to his bedroom.

He was lying dead, with his head upon his score.

THE END.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

THE fifth classical concert of the season took place on the 14th inst., and was noteworthy on account of the appearance of Madame Valleria and Mr. Edward Lloyd, the latter not having been seen before at these concerts for one or two seasons, and his return being hailed with evident delight. The principal performers in the orchestra having returned from the Worcester Festival, the rendering of Mozart's Symphony in G minor was as perfect as this fine body of players could make it; and though coming at the end of the classical part of the programme, was listened to with the same close attention as had been bestowed on Weber's overture to *Oberon* at the very beginning of the concert. Madame Valleria's classical item was "Angels ever Bright and Fair," which she sang in splendid voice, and with a tenderness and depth of sentiment that no artist knows better how to realise. She joined Mr. Lloyd later on in "Parigi, O cara," the combination affording a treat of another kind, but one that could not fail to evoke enthusiasm and an encore. It is impossible to convey the impression created by Mr. Lloyd's singing of Gounod's noble air from *La Reine de Saba*, "Lend me your Aid." Investing it with a warmth of expression, and charm of voice and style that no other living singer can approach, he brought out the full beauty of the melody, enhanced, it may be truly said, by the refined, yet sonorous, rendering of the accompaniment by the orchestra; and in response to tumultuous recalls he complied by singing the air again. The instrumental *débutante* was Miss Clara Asher, a young pianist, who created a favourable impression in Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillante" in B minor, and in Saint-Saëns's Scherzo on Bizet's *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*. Though not possessed of much power, this lady's touch is sympathetic, and her execution neat. Mr. Carrodus repeated Bach's Chaconne with much the same success as on a previous occasion, and the band was heard for the first time in the Andante from Schubert's "Tragic" Symphony. The movement met with so much approval that the management might reasonably intro-

duce the entire work at another concert. The promenade was densely packed the whole time, and nothing could be more gratifying than to note, by their quiet demeanour and intelligent applause, the appreciation of really good music shown by the "shilling" public.

"MACAIRE."

"Original romantic opera" is a somewhat ambitious title for a musical piece in two acts entitled *Macaire*, which Mr. George Fox produced at the Crystal Palace yesterday afternoon. As the name implies, the libretto belongs to the large class of dramas of which a popular highwayman is the hero. In this case, however, that highwayman, unlike the Jack Shephards and Duvals of the English melodrama, is not an amorous hero, who turns the heads of all the women, and occasionally releases a lady's diamonds for a kiss or a minuet on the green sward. He is, on the contrary, a bass singer, and a father, and it is his son—a long-lost son, by the way, and brought up in ignorance of his origin by an innkeeper—who plays the parts of tenor and lover. To relate the incidents of the story would not be altogether easy, even if they were at all worth relating; for no book of the words was forthcoming, and spoken dialogue in the mouths of English singers is not as a rule very enlightening. It was, however, sufficiently clear that poetic justice was intended to be done; for in the end the wicked robber was shot by the gendarmes, and the lovers, as far as one could tell, were in a fair way of being united and living happy ever after. As to the music set to this common-place story, we can speak in very brief terms. It has little of the brightness of Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, the typical specimen of the highwayman opera, or of the burlesque of that opera which Sir Arthur Sullivan has supplied in the *Pirates of Penzance*. The tunes are fairly good, but do not cling to the memory, and the *ensemble*, although evidently the work of an experienced musician, are not remarkable for structural design. At the same time there is no reason why *Macaire*, with a good cast and carefully rehearsed, should not meet with a moderate degree of success. At the Crystal Palace the performance went smoothly enough, but lacked spirit and refinement. Robert Macaire, enacted by Mr. Fox himself, was too much of a low villain to be interesting, while Mr. Herbert Reeves as the lover, on the other hand, was too tame to impress the audience one way or the other, although he sang his music in a tuneful and agreeable voice. Middle. Bauermeister brought much stage experience to bear upon the character of the heroine, and minor parts were fairly well filled, Mr. Pew acting as conductor. There was much applause from a sympathetic audience, and the principal singers were called before the curtain.

STRAND THEATRE.

ON Wednesday night Mr. Cellier's opera, *The Sultan of Mocha*, the libretto and part of the music re-written, was produced with success at the Strand. The music is, upon the whole, a favourable specimen of the composer of *Dorothy*, to the success of which the revival of the present work, originally produced at Manchester, is no doubt largely due. Miss Violet Cameron as the faithful Polly, Mr. Bracy, Mr. Ernest Birch as the formidable Sultan, and other artists, go through their parts in a highly satisfactory manner.

THE WINTER SEASON AT THE PARIS GRAND OPÉRA.

THE Grand Opéra, which has for some time been in possession of the electric light, though it is generated on the premises, which is a slight source of danger, is the only theatre in Paris where no alterations have been made, and, it may be added, the only one open in the capital, exclusive of music-halls and summer theatres in the Champs Elysées, during the best part of August and July. The success of M. Paladilhe's *Patrie* and M. Massenet's *Cid* has been so great that MM. Ritt and Gailhard, the managers of the Grand Opéra, are in no hurry to bring on what is expected to be the great event of the musical season, viz., *La Dame de Montseu*, the words of which are by M. Auguste Maquet, and the music by M. Salvayre. This is

to be an opera in four acts and eight tableaux, and it is to be put upon the stage with a magnificence to which Parisians are comparative strangers, there being no fewer than 500 different costumes, while artists such as Rubé, Chaperon, Carpezat, and Lavastre are to paint the scenery. It is not likely that this piece will be ready before the beginning of next January, and nothing is known as to who will take the principal parts, except that the brothers de Reszke will be among them. The Opéra is not particularly strong in singing talent on the female side, for Madame Krauss is not what she was, and beyond Mlle. Richard there is no very good singer among the contraltos. The centenary of Mozart's *Don Juan* will be celebrated by a gala representation on November 4, with M. Lassalle in the title rôle; and M. Barbier's ballet *La Tempête*, taken from Shakespeare, the music by Ambroise Thomas, is promised as an accompaniment to the two-act opera of *Zaire*, the music of which is by a young composer named M. de la Nux, who gained the Prix de Rome. The production of this opera will, therefore, be more than usually interesting in regard to the much-disputed question as to how far the fostering influence of the State is of service in forming musicians. One thing in connexion with the Grand Opéra, for which the State is partially, at least, responsible, is unquestionably beneficial, and this is the formation of a public reference library in the building. This must not be confounded with the musical library of the Opéra which was commenced in 1749, though it is only within the last 20 years or so that its contents have been classified. The public library, having its origin in the archives of the old Opéra, the contents of which, dating from 1740, have had more than one narrow escape from fire, dates from only the last six or seven years, and owes its creation to M. Charles Garnier, the architect of the new Opéra, who provided a very spacious room for it in his plans. Unfortunately, it was on the fifth floor, and a few years ago the Chamber of Deputies granted a sum of £8,000 for the opening of a set of five rooms on the first floor. There are now a large circular reading-room, four smaller rooms, and a gallery containing 12,000 volumes of books, all these being accessible to the holders of tickets, which are to be had at the Ministry of Fine Arts for the asking. The library comprises, in addition to its books, files of newspapers relating to music and a very valuable series of 70,000 engravings and prints, among which is a collection of all the original drawings executed for the 200 operas or ballets which have been represented since 1803. Then there are the models of all the stage scenery executed for the Opéra since 1866, and the series of 179 orchestral *partitions* from Lulli to Gluck, the complete collection of the Opéra playbills since 1709, and, what is even more valuable and curious, the archives of the ancient Italian Comedy Company, which had been stowed away in some warehouse and almost forgotten. M. Charles Nutter is the librarian, and he is ably seconded by M. Théodore de Lajarte, both of whom are as ready as they are competent to assist students or any other frequenters of this useful library with their information. — *The Times*.

MUSIC IN ITALY.

MILAN, Sept. 14.

Maestro Sinico's *Spartaco* was only given one night at our Dal Verme, having been most unworthily performed; the singers generally being unequal to the work. The work itself, notwithstanding its inadequate performance, called forth some enthusiasm, and many re-calls for its author, who was present. But the criticism has been not only severe, but unanimous on this occasion.

To turn to a pleasanter subject, *Regina e Contadina*, opera buffa, by Maestro Sarria, put on the stage for the first time at the Filodrammatico, was a great success. Sarria, who died in poverty not long ago in his native city, Naples, was the author of another good comic opera, *Il Babbeo e l'Intrigante*, also exceedingly popular in his own and other Italian cities. *Regina e Contadina* has much of the style of the lyric drama, so that it is not *buffa* throughout. There are treasures of melody and bright, lively numbers, in this really charming little work; and, withal, a masterly instrumentation. In spite of some vulnerable points, one hears *Regina e Contadina* with intense pleasure; in proof of which, the Filodrammatico is always crowded with a highly appreciative and amused audience. The story is nonsensical, and as follows:—An unknown queen of an

unrecognisable place in Spain, during a somewhat doubtful century, condescends to take part in a conspiracy in which two antagonistic princes are involved, one of whom plays the rough part of a muleteer. The queen is in love with him, hence the necessity of disguising her royal form in a peasant's costume. The princely muleteer is much enamoured with the pretty peasant girl, who returns his passion, and whose personal resemblance to the queen is so astonishing. The other prince also falls a victim to the same fascination, and after playing one against the other for a time, the queen reveals herself, marries the muleteer prince, and so all ends joyfully. To this slight material Sarria's talent has composed some exquisite music.

Verdi's *Otello* has made its way from Brescia, where it created a *furor*, to Parma, another of our genial towns. A telegram which I just received from that place speaks of the immense and appreciative audience which attended at the Regio Theatre on its first appearance. The music deeply impressed everyone, and at the end of the performance an ovation was accorded in honour of both the artists and the orchestra, the latter a splendid one, directed by Faccio. This recounts the fifth grand success of *Otello* since its first appearance.

GIULIO MANZONI.

Music Publishers' Weekly List.

SONGS.

Golden Tresses	Seymour Smith ...	Edwin Ashdown
Only you and I
When the lamp is shattered ...	Landon Ronald ...	Metzler

PIANOFORTE.

Autumn	Seymour Smith ...	Edwin Ashdown
Cataract, The (Duet)
Court Gavotte	Michael Watson ...	"
Odette Gavotte	Ed. Reyloff ...	"

BOOKS.

Musical and Instructive Pictures for			
Young Children	Clarkson ...	Dean & Son	
Singing Lessons with a Tuning Fork	Hume & Addison, Manchester	

Notes and News.

LONDON.

Mr. Ganz has returned to town from Whitby.

Dr. Mackenzie has informed the executive of the Birmingham Musical Festival that he will be unable to complete his promised oratorio in time for next year's gathering. This, following Dvorak's refusal to write the cantata he was expected to contribute, will necessitate other novelties being sought out without loss of time.

Madame Albani had the honour of being invited to Balmoral and singing before the Queen last Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 13.

The orchestral rehearsals for the forthcoming Norwich Festival will be held at the Royal Academy of music on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 6th and 7th.

During her autumn concert tour Madame Patti will sing at Birmingham, Leeds, Bristol, Newcastle, Liverpool, Nottingham, Edinburgh and Glasgow. The company with her will include the names of Miss Georgina Ganz, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Orlando Harley, Signor Foli, Miss Nettie Carpenter, Signor Tito Mattei and Herr Wilhelm Ganz.

Madame Lilian Nordica has made a great hit at Berlin (Kroll Theatre) in *Traviata* and *Faust*. After the "Garden Scene" in *Faust*, the orchestra rose and played a fanfare (called a Tusch), a compliment very rarely given, and only to the greatest artists. Madame Nordica was recalled eleven times before the curtain and presented with baskets and trophies of flowers. Owing to her success Madame Nordica has been offered an engagement at St. Petersburg (The Imperial Opera) for the entire winter, to commence at once, which her engagements in England will not admit of her accepting. Mr. Engel (manager of Kroll Theatre) wishes Madame Nordica to sign a contract for next May, or from August 15 to September 15.

We are glad to learn on enquiry that Mr. Frederic Cowen's attack of scarlet fever is of a mild form, and that it has been possible to move him from the house of his friends where he was taken ill to the Mary Wardell Convalescent Home, at Stanmore, Essex.

Captain Dugmore, of the 64th Regiment has written and composed a chorale "To Victoria"—which has been graciously accepted by Her Majesty and other members of the Royal Family.

The death is announced of Mr. Francis Ralph, the violinist, aged 40.

A correspondent writes: "Talking of wonder-children, I heard the other day young Master Ronald, ætat 13, and if ever I saw a youthful genius, there he was. He made one of Collard's magnificent Grands sound like a rich organ, and his phrasing and technique were marvellous. I am told he is a pupil of Mr. Franklin Taylor at the Royal College, and I hear that he plays the violin as well as he does the piano. I hear, however, that he does not intend to come before the public for some years yet—very wisely, I think."

TRINITY COLLEGE LONDON.—Michaelmas Term commences on Monday next, when new students are received, and the inaugural address of the session will be delivered on Tuesday at eight o'clock by the Warden, the Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt, Mus.D., on "Specialism in Musical Study."

H.M.S. *Pinafore* is to be put in rehearsal by the Savoy management with a view to an early revival. In this opera, which will be welcome, Messrs. Richard Temple and George Grossmith will play their original characters, and the other parts will be strongly cast. Miss Jessie Bond is not expected to be in the piece.

Mr. Gwyllym Crowe has been engaged to conduct the music of the Covent Garden Pantomime, the book of which, a version of "Jack and the Beanstalk," is being written by Mr. Henry Hersee. Miss Fanny Leslie has been engaged for the part of the hero.

At the close of the first performance of the revival of "The Red Lamp" at the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. Beerholm Tree announced that it would be followed by a new play by Mr. Robert Buchanan the title of which will be "Partners." In it Lady Monckton will make her *reentrée*.

The receipts of the *matinée* given at Prince of Wales's Theatre for the relief of the sufferers by the Exeter fire amounted to £161. 14s. The company were not asked to give their services, but their salaries were paid as usual by Mr. Leslie, whilst Mr. Sedger found the theatre. This makes the gift all the more generous.

PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM, Sept. 19.—Lecocq's opera, *Pépita*, formed a great source of attraction at the Grand, not only on account of the charming music, but also on account of the excellent *ensemble* responsible for its production. The remarkable contrast in the size of actors and actresses could not have been happier. The Lilliputian General Pataques (Mr. Frank Seymour) and his Brobdignagian spouse Cattarina (Miss Kate Grant), as well as the majestic General Bombardos (Mr. Westlake Perry), made the house roar with laughter. *Dorothy*, at the Royal, also drew crowded houses. Cellier's idyllic and pastoral music, so well adapted to the period it represents, charms as much as ever, and still holds it own, notwithstanding bad trade. To-day is the first performance of Carl Rosa's Opera Company at the Royal, when *Trovatore* will be given, with Madame Marie Roze in the title rôle, Mr. Runcio and Mr. Leslie Crotty. The Birmingham Festival Choral Society have just published their scheme for the season. In their circular, the committee appeal to their subscribers and the general public for support, as last year's concerts showed such heavy losses. They have engaged a great and important array of artists; some new works of high merit, and which have called forth from the press criticism of the most favourable character, will be given. The long list of vocalists contains the following names: Madame Lilian Nordica, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Minnie Hauk, Madame Henschel, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Orlando Harley, Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. Henry Percy, Mr. John Bridson, Mr. Robert Grice, Mr. D. Price, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Henry Pope, with Mr. Stockley as conductor as usual. The works promised us are: Mr. A. R. Gaul's new cantata, *Joan of Arc*; Dr. Villiers Stanford's "By the Waters of Babylon" (from the *Three Holy Children*), Berlioz's *Faust*, Dvorak's *The Spectre's Bride*, Dr. Stanford's *The Revenge*.—The Saturday Afternoon Organ Recitals at the Town Hall commenced last Saturday. Our noble Town Hall organ, which still bears the impress of Mendelssohn's touch, and of so many other bygone talented musicians, is, alas! now open to every inexperienced young organist, until the corporation makes up its mind to secure the services of a truly qualified artist. The wretched exhibition of organ-playing involuntarily reminds us of what Quince said of Bottom:—"Bless me, thou art translated;" and, indeed, it is so. The old *cheval de Bataille* is forced to carry any comers.

ENNISKILLEN.—Mr. Arnold's eleventh concert was given in the Town Hall on Sept. 14th before a fashionable and crowded audience. Mr. and Master Arnold played Schubert's sonata for piano and violin, Op. 137. Master Arnold also rendered with great brilliancy Chopin's polonaise in C minor, and Weber's Rondo from the pianoforte sonata familiarly known as the "Perpetuum Mobile." Mr. Arnold's choir sang with considerable effect, "Soldier Rest" (Pearson), "The Harmonious Blacksmith" (Handel), arranged by Booth, "If thou art Sleeping Maiden (Harper), "Come Lasses and Lads" (Seventeenth Century). Solos and duets were sung respectively by Mrs. Captain Charles D'Arcy Irvine, Mrs. H. Irvine, Miss McKeagüe, Major H. Irvine, and Messrs. Trimble, Murray, Benson, and Gunning. The band of the 16th Regiment, under the direction of Mr. Pocock, Bandmaster, performed at intervals. Mr. Matthew Arnold conducted.

GLASGOW, Sept. 20.—Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum Company, concluded a highly successful twelve-nights engagement at the Royalty Theatre on Saturday evening. During the engagement the following plays were acted, "Faust" (8 nights), "Olivia" (1 night), "Merchant of Venice" (2 nights), and the last night "The Bells" and "Jingle."—On Thursday, after the performance, Mr. Irving was entertained to supper by the members of the Pen and Pencil Club in the Fine Art Institute, and among the letters of apology read were those from Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, Mr. Augustus Harris, Mr. Herman Vezin, and Mr. J. L. Toole.—The opening night of the Saturday evening concerts at the City Hall was on the 17th inst. The programme being an exceptionally good one, the hall was literally packed to suffocation. Mr. Barton McGuckin (now retired from the Carl Rosa Opera Company) was in excellent voice, and gave a good rendering of "The anchor's weighed" and "The distant shore." The other artists were Mdle. Noemi Lorenzi (soprano) who was heard to advantage in "Je Suis Titania," and "Comin thro' the rye," given as an encore; Mrs. Graham Moore (soprano), Miss Meredith Elliott (contralto), Mr. Otto Fischer (baritone), and Miss Louise Macdonald (violinist), who gave a charming performance of De Bériot's "Scène de Ballet" and the Fantasia "Le Pré aux clercs." Mr. F. W. Bridgman presided at the piano. The Grand Theatre after being redecored, &c., will be taken possession of by Mr. Augustus Harris on Monday evening the 26th inst, when "Youth" will be produced.

MANCHESTER.—We noticed last week the autograph letters of Beethoven, which are to be seen in the "Silent Orchestra" of the Exhibition. It remains to say something of the great Master's scores. Here, perhaps, the greatest interest will be felt in a portion of the pianoforte sonata (op. 110), an examination of which leads us to the conclusion that it is not always safe to trust even the best editions, which are presumably accurate reproductions of the original scores. In the fugue, and at the transition from 6-8 to 12-16 time, there are considerable differences between the original manuscript and Breitkopf and Härtel's edition. Of the other scores written by Beethoven we may mention the Scotch and Irish Songs (op. 108); and it is interesting to be able to make out the melody "The Last Rose of Summer." There are also some sketches, by no means easy to read, of the sonatas op. 101; the op. 102, No. 2; violoncello and piano, op. 98. There is also a MS. score of the pianoforte concerto in E (op. 73), which Beethoven, it seems, wished to give in exchange for one previously sent in mistake, for we read at the bottom of the MS. the following: "Was können sie noch mehr verlangen. Sie haben von mir den Bedienten für den Herrn erhalten.—Sind sie noch nicht entschädigt. Welcher Ersatz!!!! Welcher herrlicher Tausch!!!!" Besides the musical scores and letters there are exhibited a cast of Beethoven's face, taken four years before his death, a lock of his hair, his watch, and his piano.—At the Theatre Royal Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Terry, and the full Lyceum company, are down for a fortnight. With them too have come the entire scenery and complete paraphernalia requisite for a right presentation of *Faust*. In this play Goethe has been very severely handled, and often almost mutilated, with the resulting effects of much incoherence in the plot, and an entire absence of vitality in any of the characters save that of Mephistopheles, who, indeed, in action and personality dominates the whole. Mr. Irving has a magnificent opportunity offered to him, and he avails himself of it to the utmost. Indeed, his acting is one of the two conditions which determine the success of the piece. The other is the *mise-en-scène*, which is always admirable and artistic, and often most wonderful. But Goethe—poor Goethe!

FOREIGN.

PARIS, Sept. 18.—The enquiry into the disaster of the Opéra Comique has been held by the *juge d'instruction*, and as M. Carvalho has been reappointed director of the company, he is pronounced free from blame. All arrangements have been made for the opening of the Opéra Comique at the Salle des Nations as early as possible; the 15th of October is a likely date. A *répertoire* of old favourites, such as *Le Pré aux Clercs* and *La Dame Blanche*, will be presented to the Parisians this winter. The chorus and orchestra are already at work, rehearsing, but the solo artists hold back until Oct. 1, from which date only the manager promises to pay them.—A marble bust of Félicien David has been commissioned from M. Steiner, and is destined for the vestibule of the Opéra; and one of Taglioni, by Madame Martin-Coutan, will grace a lobby leading to the principal boxes at the same house.—Early in October, M. Louis Gallet will submit his *Benvenuto Cellini*, adapted from Paul Meurice's drama, to the management of the Opéra. M. Camille Saint-Saëns is engaged to write the music. There has been a rumour to the effect that M. Massenet will set to music a libretto recently written by M. Meilhac, and founded upon Pierre Loti's "Pêcheur d'Islande." However, the composer is at present too busy with *Werther* to think of any new task.—There is likely to be a grand festival at the Opéra, to celebrate the 500th performance of Gounod's *Faust*. The composer has been asked to conduct his work, and will probably do so, in spite of his request to be allowed to conduct *Don Giovanni* instead. *Apropos of Faust*, an unfortunate incident has disturbed the monotony of Grand Opera performances. Fräulein Leisinger, of Berlin, had been engaged by MM. Ritt and Gailhard, who hoped to

find in her a dramatic singer to replace Madame Caron. Fräulein Leisinger's first appearance in Gounod's *Faust* was anything but a complete success. The new Marguerite was, in fact, overcome with nervousness. In the air of "Le Roi de Thulé," it is true, she made some good points, but the "Jewel Song" was badly sung. Her friends amongst the audience made a great demonstration in her favour, and, continuing it persistently, were hushed down by others present. In the prison scene Fräulein Leisinger did not recover the ground she had lost. The musical papers commented upon her performance with no undue severity; it may be said that the critics treated her with indulgence, allowing her claims to merit, and recognising the disadvantage in which her obvious nervousness placed her. Judge of the surprise of the musical world when a letter from Fräulein Leisinger to the directors of the opera, a telegram to the *Fremdenblatt*, and an interview with a reporter of the *Gaulois* were made public, by which means the young *prima donna* complained of a conspiracy directed against her by the Parisians on Chauvinistic grounds, evident to her through anonymous letters and threats before she had made her appearance, through hisses in the theatre, and general refusal to listen to her singing. She therefore begged the directors to hold her free from her three years' engagement at the Opéra, and announced her immediate departure for Berlin. It must be admitted that Fräulein Leisinger has shown herself oversensitive; in her public character she should have borne the inevitable trials that a public life brings with it, especially as she could not have been ignorant, before signing her contract, of the Chauvinistic tendencies of a part of the Paris public; a courageous and persevering course, for a few days at least, might have been expected from a lady who thus willingly braved a certain amount of prejudice. The prompt acceptance by M. Ritt and Gailhard of Fräulein Leisinger's resignation, and their payment to her of six months' salary prove that the fact of some real provocation was admitted by them; and their manner of speeding the parting guest may also be taken as showing their want of confidence in the staying powers of Fräulein Leisinger's voice and art, apart from her temper.—At the Théâtre des Menus Plaisirs, Missa's new comic opera, in one act, *Le Chevalier Timide*, was well received. Lecocq's *La Petite Mariée* has been revived at this house.—M. Faure has received from the manager of the Prague Opera (Herr Angelo Neumann) a letter in which due homage is given to the one of the greatest singers of the day, having regard especially to his famous interpretation of the part of *Don Giovanni*. Herr Neumann proposes that M. Faure should take part in the Festival performance of *Don Giovanni* to be held at Prague in October.

The operatic season at Nice promises to be most brilliant. Under the management of Signor Azzalini, the following operas were to be performed: Manzocchi's *Count Gleichen*, Samara's *Flora Mirabilis* or *Medje*, besides *Aben-Hamet*, *Lakmé*, *Hamlet*, *Carmen*, and *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*.

The Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie opened on September 10 with *Les Huguenots*. Mlle. Léria, of Roumanian origin, pleased greatly, and in M. Vinche, the bass from Bordeaux, and M. Tournié, the tenor, excellent artists have been discovered. Mlle. Litvinne and the rest of the cast were old favourites and acquitted themselves to general satisfaction. Mlle. Storell made her *début* in *Haydée* with fair success.

CREMONA.—*I pescatori di Perle* by the lamented Bizet, has met with the liveliest success. The play is very fine; all honour is due to Signora Calvé, the tenor Giordano, and the baritone Atheros. Of the ballet Ponchielli's "Due Gemelle," the music was entirely satisfactory—not so the execution of it.

PERUGIA.—The opera *Giuditta* by Maestro Falchi, given at the Theatre Morlacchi, has revived the enthusiasm which it had already created in Rome. The renowned musical critic, the Marchese d'Arcais, has written several long and detailed notices in praise of the work as revised. The performance, under Marino Mancinelli, was excellent.

The Danish Royal family, with all the guests, including the Tsar and Tzarina, went recently by special train to Frederiksberg with a grand suite to witness the *Mikado* at the Casino Theatre. The house was crammed, and great enthusiasm was shown. The Tsar at the close expressed his wish to see the company at St. Petersburg.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Of all the changes made by Rubinstein in the personnel of the Conservatoire teaching-staff, none is more generally approved than the appointment of Signor Cesi, the Neapolitan pianist, well-known in England, as professor of the piano. The Conservatoire, together with the Imperial Russian Musical Society, will on Sept. 20 celebrate their jubilee of 25 years of existence. The proceedings will be conducted with great pomp, opening with a *Te Deum*. The director, Anton Rubinstein, will then read a report to the assembled professors; commemorative medals will be distributed; and a banquet will conclude the festivities.—The recent excellent performance of Berlioz's *Faust*, under the direction of Vizenini, at the Vauxhall, aroused great enthusiasm in the large audience.—The winter concerts, organised by the Imperial Musical Society, will be conducted by Auer, the violinist, who will not on that account resign the lead of quartets when chamber music is in question.—The operatic season draws near, but much music that has been promised will perforce remain unexecuted, by reason of the stringent measures

taken to secure the safety of the theatres, Signor Lago's Italian season being one out of many enterprises to come to nothing. At the National Opera the choral portions of Verdi's *Otello*, Ponchielli's *Gioconda*, and Tschaiowsky's *Sorceress* have been in preparation. Glinka's *Vie pour le Czar* opened the season on September 12.

BERLIN.—Musicians of all nations are invited by the directors of the Berlin *Concerthaus* to compete for the following prizes:—For a symphony, three prizes of £50, £20, and £15 are offered; and for an orchestral suite, £30, £20, and £10. The competition for a dramatic scena is open only to German composers.—The engagement of Herr Bulss at the opera has been followed by that of Madame Nordica, whose impersonations of Marguerite and La Traviata have elicited considerable enthusiasm.

LEIPSIK.—The newly adapted opera *Loreley*, by Max Bruch, differs so greatly from his original setting of Geibel's libretto as to appear a new work altogether. *Loreley* as it first stood, was produced at Mannheim in 1863, and went the round of some German theatres for a few years, then disappeared from the operatic *répertoire*. It was a very unequal work and elicited from first to last much adverse criticism. The work as re-written and rearranged is greatly improved, and its success when performed at the Leipzig Stadttheatre, on September 9, was considerable. It is doubtful whether the subject allows of very dramatic treatment, until the final scene, when Loreley appears on the rock. Here it is noticeable that the composer has striven to create music which should in no way clash with or remind the hearer of Mendelssohn's setting of the same scene. The part of Count Otto was taken by Herr Peron; Leonore by Frau Sthamer-Andriessen Reinald by Herr Hedmond, none of whom sang throughout the evening in perfect tune; but were, with the composer, frequently called for by an enthusiastic audience. Herr Max Bruch was also the recipient of a laurel crown.

An opera by M. André Wormser, *Adèle de Ponthieu*, which is founded on a story very popular in the middle ages, was produced at Aix-les-Bains on the 11th with considerable success.

A *Faust* opera, composed by Zoellner, conductor of the Cologne Choral Society, will shortly be given at Prague. The librettist is said to have adhered rigorously to Goethe's text, and herein the new *Faust* will differ materially from its rivals.

At Augsburg, Herr Freudenburg's *Cleopatra* and Herr Mengewein's *Sumatis* are shortly to be produced.

At Liège, a new comic opera, *Le Syndic de Verone*, libretto by M. Albert Gères, and music by M. Henri Cieutat, will see the light.

The production of Ernest Frank's *Sturm*, founded on Shakespeare's *Tempest*, at the Hanover Opera House, will be an occasion of great interest. The composer, once conductor at the Royal Opera, is now an inmate of an asylum.

M. Ernest Van Dyck is studying the part of Walther in *Die Meistersinger* for next year's Festival at Bayreuth.

A new tenor has been discovered, bristling with high C sharps and even D's. His name is Rawner, and he will shortly be introduced to the Hamburg public by Herr Pollini.

Wilhelmj has changed his plans, and now intends to winter in Dresden instead of Berlin.

VIENNA.—Herr Behrens, the basso, has not pleased the Vienna critics of opera; on the other hand Mesdames Lola Beeth and Renard have been showered with praises. In the course of the theatrical season the Imperial Opera presented 71 lyrical works to its patrons, besides 13 ballets. Of these, the most popular and successful were Nessler's *Trompeter von Säckingen*, and the ballet "Excelsior!" Nevertheless, Massenet's *Cid* and Verdi's *Otello* are promised as novelties; permission being obtained for the representation of Verdi's last work only on the condition that *Don Carlos* should also be performed.—The Beethoven Collection at Heiligenstadt has been lately enriched with some additions, amongst them a view of the little Castle of Wasserhof, on the Danube, where Beethoven, in the year 1826, composed the Fugue in B flat which served as the finale of the great Quartet in the same key. The picture is a present from the present proprietress of the Castle, Fra Ida Von Schweitzer-Kleyel. In Beethoven's lifetime this property belonged to his brother Johann, and gave him the right to inscribe *Gutbesitzer* after his name on the visiting-card he left on his brother. The story is well known how Ludwig v. Beethoven retaliated by writing *Hirnbesitzer* on a card he left on his brother in return. Other interesting objects—autographs, portraits, and playbills have been added from Dr. Schebek's collection at Prague.

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